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02x08 - Love For Sale

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02x08 - Love For Sale

by **bunniefuu**

Posted: **03/15/02 03:08**

[Liberty Avenue. Mikes talksvoice-over.]

Michael: "I walked on Liberty Avenue I don't knowhow many times checking out the guys and join their viewand who are proud them?"

[Mikey sheepishly walking, glaring at the pants of othermen. But as he walks, every guy looks like Ben. He's Benfor a moment, and then not Ben again.]

Michael: "It wasn't until I meet him. Are I'm goincrazy?"

[Cut to the a fency restaurant. Apiano's playin'. In the shadows we see Harry Benick, Jrsinging.]

Michael: "I'm just feeling a little vulnerable,that's all since Ben and I broke up. But I'll be oversoon enough since 'Pittsburgh: Man-to-Man'"

[Michael's first date - Barry, late twenties. Of coursefat and stuffing food into his mouth.]

Barry: Hi, this is Barry. I'm in late twenties. I loveeat out. I would said I'm a well-rounded guy. Can youpass the butter?

[Michael's second date is Marcus. A insurance salesman.]

Marcus: Hi guys, I'm Marcus. A motivated businessprofessional with clearly defined goals. When you'reready to a longterm commitment, call me. I'll be thoughabout life insurance.

[Michael's third date.]

Ed: Hey, I'm Ed. Great body and great personality.Looking to pamper that special someone.

[He's showing Michael a pampers. Michael tilts back hisdrink with an audible gulp.]

[Liberty Diner. Michael and Tedare siting at the counter.]

Michael: He wanted to diamper me.

Ted: Aaah, poor baby. What did you expect from a thirtysecond voice personal?

Michael: Honest. I didn't lie into my ad.

[Debbie comes. She starts laughing at her son.]

Debbie: Much.

Michael: You called and listen to my ad?

Debbie: It's a free country. "Hey, it's Mike. Cute.Swimmer build. Boy-next-door type.

[Mikey tries to leave, but Ted brings him back so theycan continue the speech.]

Ted: Sounds good.

Debbie: You also added a couple of extra inches. To hisheight. But I was very pleased to hear that you areversatile, and not a total bottom.

Ted: Oh, sounds even better!

Debbie: Can I be interjected just one word of motherlyadvice?

Michael: Interject away.

Debbie: You're never get a boyfriend from voice mail. Ifyou're really, really meet somebody go and see my friend.

Ted: Ida Pearlsteam, matchmaker. I could make a lot oftrite musical theatre references right now. But I won't.

Michael: You're friends are freaks, ma. I'm not gonna setup by someone the enter.

Debbie: Michael, see those lovebirds over there? Idafixed them up. They celebrating their third! Don't theylook happy?

Ted: Or heavily medicated? Now, I say try 'Adam and SteveInternet Date'. "See what you're getting before youget it." "Weed out the unfuckables."

Michael: Dating services? Matchmakers? That's allbullshit. The next guy that walked through that door isthe man I'm gonna live with the rest of my life.

[All three looking very excited to the door. Emmett walksthrough the door.]

Emmett: Oh Michael, here you are. Rent check due today,sweety.

[He grabs the newspaper from Ted.]

[Brian's loft. Brian dresses on.The newest trick comes out of the bedroom.]

Guy: Up for another go-round?

Brian: Things are tight.

Guy: When can I see you again?

Brian: Strong policy. No guarantee. No return.

Guy: Then I just take what I can get.

[He tries to kiss Brian.]

Brian: No good then.

Guy: Let me guess. A boyfriend? [Brian opens the door.]Huh, I though so. I was in those arragnment ones. Theproblem is you leave you're door open and you never knowswho's coming in or out.

Brian: You mind taking the stairs?

Guy: Cutting it a little close, aren't you?

[Justinand his mom arrive in the elevator just as the trickdisappears down the stairs.]

Justin: Hey.

Jen: We're here!

Brian: And not a moment too soon.

Jen: You can't believe what sales we have it.

[Justin kisses Brian at the mouth. Finally he smiles.]

Brian: Looks like you picked up a few things.

Justin: You too.

Jen: I just sold the house! So, I decided to splurge andbuy my son some new clothes.

[Justin leaps over the couch and pulls a condom wrapperfrom behind the cushions.]

Justin: I'm the way too old shopping with my mother.

Brian: Not unless she's payin'. I hope you remember tobuy him some rubbers.

[Justin inspects the sheets. Justin finds a pair ofunderwear.]

Brian: For those rainy days.

[Justin hides the underwear behind his back as his motherholds up a sweater for him to inspect.]

Jen: Hey look, you can wear this to Daphne's party.

Justin: I'm not going to the hetero hop with a bunch ofbeer-chugging breeders.

Jen: Justin! You've gotta get out there and meet friendsyour own age. [to Brian] Nothing personal.

Brian: Oh no, I agree. Youth should be savored.

[Justin's sniffing something he found on the floor.]

Jen: I will not be damage you, but believe me before thatI did some pity wild thing.

[Justin throws the c*m cloth at Brian's head as Jenniferducks down to get more clothing.]

Brian: That must run in the family.

Jen: OK, I gonna pick up you're sister.

[She wraps her arm around Justin's waist.]

Jen: Sweetheart. College is going to be the best time ofyour whole life. I just... I so excited for you.

Justin: So am I. Bye.

[He brings Jen to the door. He closes the door. They kissand fall back on the couch.]

Justin: How was he?

Brian: Not bad.

Justin: What did he look like?

Brian: Guess.

[Justin starts sniffing Brian's neck.]

Justin: 5'11".

[He sniffs Brian's stomach.]

Justin: Medium build, black hair, brown eyes. Smolderinggood looks.

Brian: That's very good.

Justin: What did you doin'? You f*cked him, he suckedyou? Tell me.

Brian: Why are I show you?

[Emmett is in full army gear,jacking off on his rotating cushion bed. Emmett continuesthe G.I. Fetch thing up.]

Emmett: Up to soldier! Bombs away! Ready...Aim...Fire!

[Ted watches mouth agape as Emmett orgasms for quite sometime. Emmett falls exhausted as Ted applauds.]

Ted: Bravo! Fetch Dixon do another stunning display ofmen power.

Emmett: I better expect to give it my all. I have areputation to uphold.

Ted: And judging from all your cards and letters theyloved what you uphold it!

[Ted carries over a box of goodies. Emmett squeals withdelight as he sits down.]

Emmett: "Dear Fetch. I'm sending you this as a tokenof my affection. Please think of me when you usedit."

[It's a big black dildo with a rainbow ribbon tied aroundit.]

Emmett: "Dear Fetch. Could you wear this to the gym,then pop it back into the Self-Addressed StampedEnvelope." Wait, wait, wait.

[He pulls out a tiny box from Tiffany's. It's a big goldbracelet. Big and chunky. It looks like a gold snake.]

Emmett: Oh my god, Teddy look! It's exquisite!

Ted: It must have cost a fortune!

Emmett: Here is a card. "You're a beacon of light inthe sort of gloom of cyberspace. You're secretadmirer."

[Emmett is breathless and near tears.]

Emmett: All my life I wanted a secret admirer. Here, hereup me. Put it on.

Ted: You're not gonna keep it.

Emmett: It's gold! What kind of queen doesn't acceptgold?

Ted: One who's loyal subjects send him giant dildos and asniffin' jockstraps. There lunatics, Emmett. If you letthem into your life they think their you're friends. Andthey never expect you to be there. And you'll never berid of them. So, c'mon!

Emmett: It's so shiny and pretty.

Ted: Take it off.

[Emmett throws a tiny tantrum.]

Emmett: I don't want to.

Ted: Emmett!

[Ted takes the bracelet and walks off with the box ofpresents.]

Ted: Remember, everything in this life comes with stringsattached. Even little white satin ones. I'm sorry.

[Ted leaves the room. Emmett walks back over to theTiffany's box and removes the bracelet and card.]

[Mikey's making a videotapepersonals ad. He's over-enthusiastic and pretty muchMikey, but the videographer isn't pleased with hisperformance.]

Videographer: OK, and we're roling.

Michael: Hi I'm Mike. I'm just a fun guy and I'd love tomeet another fun guys. So call me and we're looking forsome fun.

Videographer: Uh, let's try again, but this time let'shave a little less "fun".

Michael: Less fun... Hey dude, it's Mike. I'm into goodtimes, good friends. You know the good life. Call me. Isthat better?

Videographer: For a beer commercial. But let's try itagain and this time just try to be more... I don'tknow... personal.

Michael: I never knew my father. He was k*lled in Vietnamtwo weeks after I was born. But I somehow managed tosurvive. I dropped the community college and I went towork at the Big Q Mart. That's when my Uncle Vicdelivered that he's dyin' at HIV.

Videographer: Thanks for sharing, but, uh, looking for adate, not a therapist. So, we've got time for one more.Come more positives spin on it.

Michael: Hi, I'm Michael, I'm twenty-nine, honest,sincere, romantic, my own business. I like working out,dancing, going to clubs. I had a great group of friends,I love them to death, but I'm still looking for a certainsomeone...

[The videographer turns into Ben.]

Ben: Who knows that underneath my mild-manneredappearance beats the heart of a superhero.

[It's over. Mikeystop talking.]

Videographer: I'm sorry. What was that?

[Emmett is staring at prettyjewelry through a jewelry store window. He eats some kindof pastry and has his Breakfast at Tiffany's moment untilDebbie showing off her own bracelets.]

Debbie: I swear you can't tell the difference.

[Emmett shows off his new gold thing.]

Emmett: As long as we're comparing.

Debbie: Holy sh*t. Is that real gold?

Emmett: Almost broke a teeth by testing. My secretadmirer send it to me.

Debbie: Who do you think it is?

Emmett: I know who I like it to be. Dashing the princetoo shy to reveal he has a crush on me. Then he appearsand whisks me off to his palace.

Debbie: Were you live happily ever after.

Emmett: I know it's highely unrealistic. My friends wouldprobably laugh when they heard me.

Debbie: What do they know about love, honey? Most of themare too busy chasing their heart instead of still listento their heart.

Emmett: Still I have this dream of perfection. But I'mkeep on lookin'. Hoping against hope that I'll find it.

Debbie: Well it's a adorabel dream. But I got to tell youEmmett. In most cases that come along in the movies. Andeven then only to Audrey Hudburn. Real love when it comesdoesn't look anything like what you expect.

[A limo pulls up behind them. The driver gets out.]

Driver: Pardon me.

Emmett: Yes?

Driver: You're Fetch, are you not?

Emmett: That's right.

Drive: I've been send to fetch you.

Emmett: Excuse me, you... you epect me to get into a carwith a total stranger and... and drive off God knowswhere? Sorry, but my mother taught me better.

Debbie: Don't look at me, I'm not his mother.

Driver: My employer is expecting you.

Emmett: And who exactly is you're employer?

Debbie: He knows he just say, that he not the liberty tosay.

Driver: I'm not liberty to say.

Debbie: Whaddaya gotta do the rest of the day, wash outyer undies?

[He give his things to Debbie and goes to the Limo.]

[Brian's loft. Mikey is showingoff his videotaped personal ad to Ted, Brian, Lindsay,and Mel.]

Michael: "Hi, I'm Michael, I'm twenty-nine, honest,sincere, romantic, my own business. I like working out,dancing, going to clubs. I had a great group of friends,I love them to death, but I'm still looking for a certainsomeone. If you're looking for some fun, call me.."Well?

Mel: You have an excellent posture.

Ted: Nice shirt.

Lindsay: You're absolutely adorable.

Brian: It's pathetic.

Michael: At least someone is being honest. as*h*le. Itwas a complete waste time and money.

Brian: Listen Mikey, you have to sale yourself. You'renot different toothpaste or shampoo. People want sexy andthey want hot.

Ted: You're right. I think I'll reheat that pizza.

Michael: So what I'm supposed to do?

Brian: Don't move.

[Cue the sexy montage! Brian takes pictures of Mike usingsome strange videocamera/flash camera. Mike is lookingvery unsexy

in a wrinkled white t-shirt and jeans. The girls are onthe computer rewriting Mikey's personals ad.]

Lindsay: Let's see. "Nice guy..."

Mel: Make that hot on it.

Lindsay: "Well-rounded."

Brian: Make that well-hung.

Lindsay: "With a spirit affection."

Ted: He like to give it.

Michael: You can't say that.

Brian: Shut up and show us your skin.

[Mikey shoves his hand in his pants for a few of thepictures. He takes off his shirt. He shoves his hand inhis pants and holds the other hand toward the camera.Brian is flirting with the camera, most likely because hecan see the reflection of his own eye in the window. Thescene slows to a crawl as Mikey looks terrified of theapproaching water bottle. Brian dumps water over Mike'shead so Mikey can shake like a puppy. More pictures aretaken.]

Brian: That's the one.

[All together they're looking at the computer.]

Michael: I would date me.

Ted: So do I. You're ready to speaking.

Lindsay: That's not exactly that what I wrote.

Brian: Writers. Complaining every time you change afucking word.

Mel: You'll be beat'em that off with a stick.

Ted: Hopefully he don't need a stick.

Brian: So how does it feel, Mikey to be the hottest guyon the Internet?

[Emmett is eating caviar in theback of the limo, talking to himself.]

Emmett: Well in the modern retailing it would be a limo.Delivered food, would be a driver. And Cinderella wouldof course be a f*g rather than a woman since noself-respecting woman would let her in the back of astranger's car lured by jewelry, limo and caviar. ThankGod.

[Emmett stops and stares out the limo window. The houseis indeed a castle.]

Emmett: Oh my God!

[Emmettis led through the mansion.]

Emmett: I would tell I'm not in Texas anymore. In factwe're don't be in Pittsburgh anymore.

Man: Fetch.

[A man calls from the top of the stairs. The lightingchanges. Emmett swoons. It's an older man in a nice suit.He's good looking.]

Emmett: It's him. You're majesty. You're grace. Yourgorgeousness. I receive your bracelet and I'm your's.

Man: I'm the butler, sir.

[The swelling music stops.]

Emmett: Oh.

Man: This way.

[Emmettis led to a drawing room and left alone.]

Emmett: Oh my god! # If They Could See Me Now. # No,no, don't give up. This is much more Masterpiece Theatre.Oh, I'm be honest. "How kind of you to invite me. Ilove what you've done with your place. Do we go to thefire? I love the light. I always wanted to ask you isHarvey your first name or the last?"

[Emmett does a little improve of being rich and importantuntil he sees someone sitting in a chair by the fire.Emmett jumps, squeals.]

Emmett: Jesus Christ. You're scared me to death. I didn'tknow that anybody was here. I'm Fetch and waiting for themaster.

George: I'm George Schickle. I am the master.

Emmett: You...?

George: I see you received my little present.

Emmett: Oh, yeah.

George: I was on the Internet one day and surfing, Ibelieve this is the word, when I came upon you. Oh my,my, my. You're very talented boy.

Emmett: How a boy!

George: In my age everybody is a boy. Now then, should wediscuss your fee?

Emmett: Fee?

George: For your... services. I have no idea what peoplehave charged, so how will a thousand surface?

Emmett: A...a thousand?

George: Alright, two. Alright, three. You're drive a hardbargain. So what did better? Be hard?

Emmett: Excuse me, Mr.Schickle. But I'm afraid you made amistake. I am not what you think I am a hire. I came hereexpecting... well not important why I came here andexpecting. Exept I didn't find it. Thank you for the giftand for allowing me a few moments to dream. Now if you'llexcuse me.

[Emmett leaves the bracelet and leaves the mansion.]

[Brian and Justin are in theshower. They kiss and clean, kiss and clean. Justinsmiles under the harsh lighting.]

Justin: You want me to f*ck you?

Brian: I want you to wash my back.

[Justin washes Brian's back.]

Justin: Better to move on. The guys are waiting on us.

Brian: You know, maybe you get should some friends onyour age.

Justin: You sound like my mother.

Brian: Sometimes your mommy's right.

Justin: I have friends on my own age. Your at my age,emotionally.

Brian: I mean like Daphne.

Justin: I'm not goin to their party.

Brian: Why? You had something better to do?

Justin: Be with you.

Brian: Your always be with me. You practically are.

Justin: What if I meet some horny frat boy?

Brian: f*ck him for me. Hey, I just want to enjoy youryouth. I certainly have.

[Mike checks his personalsemail.]

Michael: Nineteen guys already.

Ted: He's not bad.

Michael: He's even better.

Ted: Oh my god.

Michael: He's perfect.

Ted: And he wants to meet you tonight.

Michael: I've gotta get Brian some credit. He can sellanything. Even me.

[Emmett walks in.]

Michael: Hey Emmy, you want to see my dreamdate?

Emmett: f*ck off.

Ted: Who pissed on your parade?

Emmett: My secret admirer.

Ted: You didn't. I though we'd agreed that it wasn't areally great idea.

Emmett: I know, but his chaffeur pick me up.

Michael: You did it with his chaffeur?

Emmett: No, his chaffeur drove me to his place. It waslike the Buckingham Palace.

Ted: So who is this guy anyway?

Emmett: George Schickle.

Ted: Schickle's Pickles?

Michael: Pickle that people prefer?

Emmett: Well, he can keep his pickle. It's like threehundred years old.

Ted: They say it's worth a fortune!

Emmett: But unfortunately for him he finally foundsomething that even his money can't buy - namely me.

Michael: He thinks you're a...?

Emmett: Hustler. Can you imagine?

Ted: Unbelievable (!)

Michael: The nerve (!)

Emmett: I told him, I'm an artist. What I do requiresconcentration, dedication, determination...

Ted: Don't forget the jackolation.

Emmett: Take my word - it's a lot harder that it looks.And if you're watching, Mr.Schickle. What you see isdefinately not what you get!

[Daphne's party. A lot of beers,cigarettes, and letterman jackets. Heavy guitar rockpumps through the smokey room as dudes bob their heads ina most excellent fashion. There are street signs just allover the floor. Justin is miserable. He recoils in horrorfrom some girl checking him out. Daphne's got prettyhair. Daphne's boyfriend smokes a joint.]

Daphne: Uh, Justin, have you a good time?

Justin: I can't you tell (!)

Daphne: When I can deal in Woody's you can stay withthem.

Justin: That's the problem. No-one to handle.

[He puts his beer down on a staircase and walks off. Heinstantly sees another g*y boy with the same forlorn lookon his face. They check each other out. Justin smiles,walks over, and puts his hand on the boy's crotch.]

[Theboys walk into a bedroom and take off their clothes.]

Boy: Wait. We're have to be safe.

Justin: Don't worry. I've prepare.

[Justin pulls out a condom and opens it with his teeth.]

Justin: Pull on my d*ck.

Boy: Just uh...go slowly ok? I've never...

Justin: I think so. I'll take it easy.

[They have sex.]

[Emmett's watching pouty television with his pouty TV tray. Michael stands beside the couch.]

Michael: I thought you were going out!

Emmett: Mr. Betty Hut film festival.

Michael: My date is coming over.

Emmett: So?

Michael: He looks very hot. And if we're gonna f*ck right here on the floor?

Emmett: I promised not to leave any crumbs. Most of those guys don't even use their own photos. And besides they are thirty years ago.

Michael: Don't be so cynical!

Emmett: And don't be surprised when you open the door and it's some old geezer.

Michael: 'Cause you'd had a bad experience don't mean that everyone's out to get whatever they want by whatever means they can. There still some honest people in the world.

[He opens the door to see Mr. Schickle. Mikey slams thedoor in the man's face.]

Michael: You're right, they are a lie! It's like a three hundred year old guy in a red cardigan.

Emmett: I believe that ones for me.

[Emmett goes to the door.]

Emmett: Mr.Schickle, I do not appreciate bein' stalked.So kind move yourself from my doorway, my building, my street and my life.

George: Please, let me finish. I gone through a lot of trouble to find you.

Emmett: Quite unnecessary, I assure.

George: No, no. I was... I was horrifying when I realize that I've made such a... really serious miscalculations.

Emmett: A miscalculation is when you can't balance you rcheck book. This was an...

George: Insult. I realise that. So I have come here tooffer you my apologizes and uh, and this. [he has thegolden bracelet.] Because I would still it have.

Emmett: I don't accept giftes from fans.

George: Then have diner with me.

Emmett: Sorry, I can't.

George: Please. Please? It would be a small, neverthelessheartfelt expression of my deepest regret. I

havetreating you in such a rude and reprehensible matter.

Emmett: I don't think you have handle that -reprehensible. Alright, go. Bring back the car ride,Prince Charming, I get my slippers.

[Emmett sees Michael's date at the door. He's cute in that brown-hair- square-jaw way.]

Guy: Excuse me, I'm looking for Michael?

Emmett: My god, you're really are a dream. Michael!You're dates here! Only seconds ago, when I was still available.

[He goes. Michael walks in.]

Michael: Well, come in.

Guy: Thanks.

Both: So...

Michael: I thoughed we have pizza and a movie?

Guy: Or tax make and dancing?

Michael: We can stay here and f*ck our brains out.

Guy: That one.

Michael: You're negative?

Guy: [nodds] You?

[Michael nodds. Michael slams the door. Both undressthereselves.]

[The Party. Justin lights acigarette and then lowers his sweaty naked body back downon all of the coats that belong to strangers. He handsthe cigarette to the boy.]

Guy: So uh, what was your's like? Your first time?

Justin: Mmmh, I saw him right like you.

Guy: Are your scared?

Justin: [laughs] Shitless. We went back to his place. Iswear I couldn't speak my name. And then he f*cked methen. I still remember the feel when he inside of me. Isee his face when he came.

Guy: I know what you mean.

[Outside, some girl bangs on the door.]

Girl: We need our clothes!

Justin: f*ck OFF! God, I hate this stupid party!

Guy: Me, too.

Justin: I wouldn't come, but if I didn't my friend Daphnewould never speak a word to me again.

Guy: And I was standing at the corner and watch the"dudes" and "babes" and wish I wouldstay home and watched MTV.

Justin: Why don't you go to clubs and bars. You meet alots of guys there.

Guy: I don't want to meet a lots of guys. I wanna meetjust one I would be with. Just the two of us.

Justin: Yeah, things don't exactly were got that way.

Guy: It can be, if you want.

[The girls knocking again.]

Guy: I guess better be dressed.

Girl: Come on. Hurry up!

Justin: Come back here.

[Justin breaks Rule #1 by kissing the boy. He then breaksRule #2 by lowering him back to the bed for round two.]

[Emmett and Schickle are eatingBurger Queen in the back of the limo.]

Emmett: Mmmh, I Love Burger Queen. You know for me whatmakes for me a royal treat? It's that the only patty withthe special one it's the Pickles.

George: I relish the compliment. And their are mine, youknow.

Emmett: I'm a Pickle fan from way back. My great auntLula, who live in Mississippi she's the make them. I goover there every day after school, sit out back and graband suck on those pickles things. It's more a significantstage of my later psychosexual development for I careinto.

[George laughs loudly.]

George: You have a really colourful family.

Emmett: I prefer to think they're lunatics. SuferingLula, she's to great one. Their my only friends of therest of them. I have nothing to do with local sissy boy.

George: It must to be very lonely.

Emmett: Mmmh, didn't stop me from be as I really wanna tobe. "f*ck 'em all" - that was my motto. Stillis.

George: I admire your courage. I wish I had it. Instead Ichoosed to live a lie cut my freedom, my

desires to thefamily fortune. I even allowed them to marry me of thismeat-packing heiress so that we could just make somebeautiful sandwiches together. All it was a perfectmurder. Until one day five years ago she came home caughtme get the gardener a blowjob right there in the pricerose garden.

Emmett: Why, George, you're lake. French fries?

George: Well this wasn't. I looks like I was cheating onher. We're haven't have sex since 1972. So she sue thefamily and the children against me. Needless to say Ibecame a social avoider.

Emmett: At least you're finally free to be yourself.

George: Well, to be alone, friendless, so I want win thechampionship over the internet. f*ck'em all.

[Michaels place. The date has sexwith Mike.]

Michael: You are perfect.

Guy: I know. I wasn't always. I used to weigh 350, wasbold and hideous, coarse body hair all of my back, myshoulder, my stomach.

Michael: Really?

Guy: I started with labor section. Any serious operationstype my skin the next. Replace the hair model. After thismy skell protection, nose job, cheeking chimmin plants.

Michael: That must be expensive.

Guy: Oh, my folks have money. Now I work as a trainerright off five hours a day, six days a week. It's brutal,but I gotta maintain and foot combinal can veryimportant. You can eat proteins or corps, but never nevernever eat proteins and corps.

Michael: [eating ice cream] Got it. Will you margain ice?

Guy: Have you listening? You know, you cut put a littleimproving yourself. Your little hair moves on your chest.Pec implants, the burgians are definitely too wide andit's nothing personal but you might be consider a peanoextention.

Michael: Thanks for the tip.

[Next morning. Brian arrives hometo find Justin sleeping. He puts his hand under the sheetand wakes Justin up.]

Brian: You're finally up.

Justin: What time is it?

Brian: It's time to take for your morning hard on. Ofcourse it's afternoon. Somebody got home late last night.

Justin: 2.58 AM. Just under the line.

Brian: And Daphne must have some kick a*s party.

Justin: Yeah, it was alright.

[Brian sniffs under the sheet.]

Brian: My nose tells me it was better than all right. Ismell the evil crossplayer.

Justin: Nah, the way up.

Brian: Hold on.

[He sniffs again.]

Brian: Mmmh, it's coming. A nice tight computer nerd.

Justin: Get warmer.

Brian: [sniffs again] A scent of innocient. A virgin.

Justin: A lucky guess.

[Brian kisses Justin.]

Brian: You kissed him.

Justin: I got to take a shower.

[Michael at the diner with Meland Linds.]

Michael: His face was great, his body was great, the sexwas great. And then he start talking!

Mel: So let me this get straight. You had sex undatebefore you even had a conversation?

Michael: You wouldn't understand.

Lindsay: What's that?

Michael: Because sex is different for men than it is forwomen. It's more immediate, more intense. At least soit's ever went.

Lindsay: Where? In field in stream?

Mel: Just for your information - Linds and I f*cked likecrazy. We pant and drul like a couple of b*tches in heatare pussies is soak the sheets.

Lindsay: So we go out a lot longer in time that you guyscause this.

Mel: And I donno how many times we come that night.

Michael: You're right, I don't. Mom!

[Mikey turns and clutches his mother. He whimpers intoher stomach. Mel and Lindsay laugh.]

Debbie: What's the matter? Something scares you?

Lindsay: Just us.

Mel: I think Michael had a bad day.

Debbie: I told you to call Ida for Christ sakes. She's afuckin' genius!

Michael: I'll end up with a Jewish princess.

Lindsay: You could end up with a lot worse.

[Mel and Linds kisses. Mikey whimpers again as his motherstrokes his head.]

[The gym. Brian is liftingweights hardcore as Ted spots him.]

Ted: Easy. You had a lot on there.

Brian: I had to tighed up.

Ted: You had an eighteen-year old home, what do you worryabout?

Emmett: Keep it him. It's a shame you can enjoy yourgolden years without worrying about every f*g, everytwinkle.

Ted: I guess that's happening when you're dating so many,many years, you junior.

Emmett: Yeah, I don't envy your youth.

Brian: Yeah, you don't have to since your dating someonewhos one hundred and three.

Emmett: I'm not dating him. We shared a burger.

Brian: Hey! He can have solids!

Emmett: You know, George may not twenty-nine or have aperfect chin or thirty inch waist, but he's a lot nicerthan a certain arrogant, contempioniss, self-delidedasshole that I know.

Ted: Don't tell me, you wanna see him again!

Emmett: No, when we're said good night we're also saygoodbye.

Ted: You think he actually liked him?

Brian: Some guys rent a prime aged c*ck.

Ted: Better hope Justin is.

[Mikey shows up at Ida's house.Ida is a middle-aged man who dresses like an old Jewishwoman.]

Ida: So you're Michael. You're mother all about raiseyou.

Michael: You too. So, are you a PFLAG mom or...?

Ida: Actually I'm a PFLAG son. Have some bond. Relax.It's not like you date me. Now, what are you looking for?

Michael: He should be tall, polar built just likesuperman.

Ida: We all know your boys want beauties - that's agiven.

Michael: You ask me what I want it.

Ida: We're not talking about the outside. Michael,sweetheart, what do you want on the inside!

Michael: I...I don't know.

Ida: Sure you do. Just close your eyes. Think.

Michael: [closes his eyes] He's got a passionate aboutlife, a survivor, maintime this humor. He's charming,kind. He does something creative, maybe a writer. He'sinto the spiritual stuff, like Buddha. And he focuses onliving in the now, because there is no time to waste.When I'll be with him I feel like a better person.

[Ida looks through the box, chooses one name, nixes itand chooses another.]

Ida: Here he is. A lime light, Liberty Avenue eighto'clock.

Michael: Shouldn't I see a fotograph to know how he lookslike?

Ida: You don't need one, trust me. You'll know.

[Diner. Justin's boy toy shows upand looks around. He sees Debbie and turn around.]

Debbie: Honey! Just start breathing and take a seat. I'llbe right there.

Boy: Actually, I'm looking for somebody.

Debbie: In this charge who is it?

Boy: Justin!

Debbie: A friend of yours?

Justin: Do you mind if I take a break?

Debbie: Take all the time you need. As long as your backin 5 minutes.

[They'regoin' outside.]

Justin: What are you doin'?

Boy: I've been thinking about you since last night. Ireally missed you.

Justin: You don't even know me.

Boy: Sure I do and... you know me too.

Justin: Look, I don't want you to come here, ok?

Boy: Why not?

Justin: Cause I said so.

Boy: Yeah, but after what happen I though...

Justin: Nothing's happen, we f*cked. That's all.

Boy: That's not all. I love you.

Justin: [smills] You don't love me.

Boy: And from the way you kissed me I can tell that wehave this connection...

Justin: You know how pathetic you are?! One lousy f*ck you carry on like a lovesick fairy. You've got a lotto learn. f*gs will say anything to get their d*ck suckedand f*ck a nice a*s. Then it's on to the next.

Boy: I don't believe you! I know what I felt.

Justin: Yeah, but I'll don't feel anything. As far as I'mconcered you're yesterday's f*ck!

[The boy runs off in tears.]

[Schickle's mansion. The garden.George works in the garden. Emmett comes up with a gift.]

Emmett: Shouldn't you do the gardner do that?

George: The gardner's good for something. It's a newgardener.

[Emmett laughs.]

George: But these needs special care.

[Emmett crouch beside George.]

Emmett: Who would think that this little thing like thiscan contain something so beautiful. At least my motherwas a gardener. Once I plant a little bulb. I thoughedwhen it comes spring it would be a chandelier. Dump, huh?

George: Charming, nevertheless.

Emmett: Oh, I want to thank you for the diner. I broughedus some lunch.

George: You really must love Burger Queen.

Emmett: f*gs want some Schickles.

George: That's very thoughtful of you, Fetch.

Emmett: Actually, my real name isn't Fetch. It's, uh,it's Emmett.

George: Nice to meet you, Emmett.

[Both sitting on the ground and open the bag.]

George: Why not, right here!

[Fancy restaurant with pianoagain. Mikey walks in.]

Michael: [Voice over] "The surving question numberone - 'How am I recognize my date when I'm never seenhim?' The surving question number two - 'Why do I listento my mothers?'"

[Sitting at one of the booths is Ben. The real Ben.]

Michael: [v-o] "sh*t! Ben's here! This time I'm nothallucinating. It's really his. Starving question numberthree - 'How I'm supposed to...impressed my date...?'f*ck! Ben is my date. I'm assure he actually fixed me upwith... Oh god, he's looking at me. What will I do? Whatwill I do?"

[He goes to Ben's table and he's sitting down.]

Ben: Michael?

Michael: Ben, what a surprise.

Ben: Yeah, a small world.

Michael: Isn't it? Ida was right when she said, that Iknew how it was.

Ben: Who?

Michael: Ida. The matchmaker. Who else I am suppose toknew?

Ben: Uh, about what?

Michael: You and me.

Ben: Yeah, I'm sorry.

Michael: Are you here for a date?

Ben: Yeah, yeah, I am but... but not with you.

[Another guy comes to the table. Michael leaves thetable.]

[Babylon. Brian and Justin watcheverything from the catwalk. Music: Lio #Rature.]

Sugar,you make my soul complete

Rapture tastes so sweet

la la la...

Brian: So many men, so little body hair.

Justin: See any you like?

Brian: Him.

Justin: I guess.

Brian: You?

Justin: Him.

Brian: He's kinda young. Let's go for it.

Justin: Or we could go home. Just the two of us.

Brian: What about the game?

Justin: f*ck the game.

[Brian pulls Justin in for a kiss. They make out as thecamera leaves them and the techno music turns to thepiano. Fade to black.]

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